

The following Dramatic performance, was written by Mary Eleanor Bowes, Countess of Strathmore, the only Daughter of George Bowes, Esq. of Strathmore Castle and of Gilsids in the County of Durham:— It was privately printed & presented by the Countess to her more particular Friends, and is now of very great Rarity.

Ms.

It is noticed in Martin's Bibliographical Catalogue of privately printed Books, on the authority of the Biographia Dramatica Vol. 1. p. 272.— but Martin does not appear to have seen a copy of the work.



THE
SIEGE
OF
JERUSALEM.

K



LONDON:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCCLXXIV.



ERRATA.

Page 11. line 19. *dele the dash after vows*

— *ibid. l. 2. from the bottom, after divine, instead of a dash
put a comma*

— 40. l. 19. *read I will obey, guided by brave Argantes,*

— 49. l. 13. *for the tomb read her tomb*

— 61. l. 8. *for hafte read hasten*

L O N D O N :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

Dramatis Personae.

SALADIN, King of Jerusalem.

GODFREY, Duke of Boulogne, Chief of the Christian Army.

TANCRED.

ARGANTES, Prince of Syria.

ARSETES.

ISMENIO, an Officer in SALADIN'S Army, and a Muslim.

CLORINDA.

ERMINEA, ARGANTES'S Sister.

SOPHONIA, ISRAEL'S Daughter.

The Scene is in Jerusalem, and the Christian Camp, and Mount Sion.

Dramatis Personæ.

SALADIN, *King of JERUSALEM.*

GODFREY, { *Duke of BOULOGNE, Chief of*
the Christian Army.

TANCRED.

ARGANTES, *Prince of SYRIA.*

ARSETES.

ISMENO, { *An Officer in SALADIN's Court,*
VAFRINO { *and a Magician.*

CLORINDA.

ERMINIA, *ARGANTES' Sister.*

SOFRONIA, *A SYRIAN Lady.*

*The SCENE lies in Jerusalem, and the adjacent Camp
and Woods.*



THE
SIEGE
OF
JERUSALEM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in SALADIN'S Palace.

SALADIN and ISMENO.

SALADIN.

IT is in vain we struggle with our fate ;
The Christian God protects his votary's arms,
And MAHOMET looks idly on.—Twelve moons
Have shot their pale chaste beams on earth
Since first this army trod our wretched plains,
And desolation follow'd where they led.
Oh, my ISMENO, what avail those arts
Of hell, which thou art practis'd in !——
Enchantments all are vain—fruitless thy boast
The streams to poison where they flake their thirst :

B

They

THE SIEGE

They are heaven-protected, and some guardian God
 Gives information of the destin'd fraud,
 And wards the impending blow.—Now say,
 What hope remains for wretched SALADIN?
 A brother's blood hath arm'd the wrath divine,
 And earth no longer will endure my crimes:
 The bloody horrors that have stain'd my reign,
 And mark'd me out a monster to mankind.
 O virtue! I would yet resume thy paths,
 And tread thy peaceful ways; but thou art fled,
 And with content art lost to me for ever.

I S M E N O.

Is it my monarch speaks? 'Tis, sure, illusion;
 For I did think him more than man,
 With courage dauntless, and as firm as rocks.
 This bugbear Conscience quite unmans my king,
 Making him think and tremble like a woman.
 The Christian blood, with which our lands o'erflow,
 Atones for that which plac'd you on the throne,
 And for your brother's murder.—MAHOMET
 Accepts, well pleas'd, the holy sacrifice
 Which reconciles him to our past misdeeds,
 And buries them in Christian blood—unseen
 By every eye but God's.—The world
 Still thinks you virtuous, and good men
 Support the pious cause, and love their king:
 Then rouse, my prince, to meet the yielding foe,
 And conquest shall again obey your voice.

S A L A D I N.

Yes, I am fix'd—and now confirm'd in vice:

Conscience,

OF JERUSALEM.

Conscience, be dumb—too late thy warnings come
To save a wretch thus far advanc'd in blood;
Retreat were vain: a demi-tyrant soon
Becomes a slave.—A monument of crimes,
Inscrib'd with blood, shall to all future days
Preserve my name:—whilst every Christian life
Must to great MAHOMET commend my zeal.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Hail, mighty king!—glad tydings greet thine ears:
The brave ARGANTES comes with powerful aid,
And brings his beauteous sister.

[Exit.]

SALADIN.

A timely succour to my fainting troops.
This reinforcement will revive their hopes,
And double all their ardour.—I thank thee, MAHOMET;
Thou now art gracious, and my fortune smiles.—
The fair ERMINIA too, who, if fame errs not,
Is a sweet abstract of all beauty——But,
That unknown, interest alone inspir'd
A wish to form alliance with the king:
For her lov'd sake he shuns all marriage vows,
And guards for his ERMINIA Syria's throne.
Before this siege ARGANTES heard my suit——
His generous soul too great to fail me then
Strengthen'd his friendship as it's worth increas'd,
Leading him thro' all the dangers of the war,
To seek and aid my almost sinking greatness.

B 2

Enter

Enter ARGANTES and ERMINIA with their train.

SALADIN.

Welcome, bright princess, to the court of SALADIN,
Where, as your beauty, boundless is your power.
Once I had welcom'd you with pomp befitting
Your royal presence and my eager love;
But war hath made sad devastation here,
And half unpeopled my *Jerusalem*.——
For you, my brother, nay my more than brother,
My guardian angel, who doth interpose,
Bringing me wish'd-for, and much needed help,
Thou art indeed a friend.—How shall I bid thee welcome?
For I want words to tell the countless sum I owe,
Of gratitude and admiration to thy virtue.
Great as ERMINIA's beauty, and sure that
Bespeaks her heavenly born.—Oh my ARGANTES,

[Embracing him.]

Grow to my heart, and be it's dearer half.

ARGANTES.

Great SALADIN doth far o'erprize my worth:
What could a brother, an ally, do less?——
'Tis now I meet the greeting I would wish,
And seize with joy the moment I can shew
My valour and my friendship equal.
In time of peace each petit fawning prince
Did thy alliance court—'Twas mean,
For interest fed the wish.—ARGANTES' soul
Disdain'd the thought; and oft it damp't
The joy I felt in this strict union with thee:
But now I am blest by having power to shew

That

That *Antioch's* prince outstrips the groveling herd,
Whose service bows before their interest:——

Then war, I greet thee!—Thou art far
More cheering to my heart than smiling peace;
And thou, *Jerusalem*, receivedst me as I wish.
More pleasing to my longing ears the sound
Of clashing steel, and shouts of rushing war,
Than softest music, and each gentle disport
Which idly wantons in the train of peace.——
Yet shouldst thou still account the debt unclear'd,

[Turning to *ERMINIA*.

Here I should wish to be with usury paid;
For here thou art indeed my debtor:
I give thee all my treasure, and am left
Most poor indeed when I have lost *ERMINIA*,
The gem of beauty set in virtue's foil,
A pledge of friendship worthy of a god.——
Oh pardon, if my fondness doth o'er-rate the worth
Of such a loving and beloved sister.——
Sure she was meant the model of her sex,
And all their charms are crouded in her.
With gentlest feelings my *ERMINIA* boasts
A soul as great and firm as heroes.
In her one miracle succeeds another,
Yet some new wonder still remains unseen.

S A L A D I N.

Such charms 'till now mine eyes did ne'er behold:
'Till this blest hour, unfelt the power of love.
Could my most tender vows, submissive sighs,
Lodge in that breast one spark of all my fire,

Unenvy'd

Unenvy'd would remain the ever-blooming joys,
Which wait the happy Musselman in battle slain.

ERMINIA.

My strict obedience ever claim'd
My brother's wife commands, and where
I should bestow my hand and heart he points ;
They are his property, and in his gift,
And he bestows them upon SALADIN.—
A virgin princess matches not for love :
Her every thought devoted to the state.—

SALADIN.

Ah wound me not with so much coldness, my ERMINIA ;
(For I must call that wonderful beauty mine,)
But let thy kindling soul catch all my fires,
And blow them to a blaze shall crown my love.

ARGANTES.

No more, my brother—I have much to say
Which doth import our mutual welfare :
We will retire, and more at ease discourse
Of some affairs which wait your private ear,
Leaving ERMINIA to that needful rest
Which, much fatigu'd, her tender frame requires.

SALADIN.

Then be it so, till a poor banquet is prepared ;
Tho' humble, grac'd by bright ERMINIA's charms.

[*Exeunt* SALADIN, ARGANTES, ISMENO, &c.]

Manet ERMINIA and SOFRONIA.

ERMINIA.

They left me to repose, SOFRONIA ;
But little think sleep long hath been a stranger

OF JERUSALEM.

7

Unto mine eyes, and rest unto my heart.
 These blessings dwell beneath the poor man's roof,
 Flying the stately wretchedness of courts.——
 The vulgar envy what deserves their tears;
 Our hearts once view'd, they sure would weep our fate;
 And, above all, that of the lost ERMINIA.

S O F R O N I A.

My honour'd princess, what sad words are these!
 When every mind esteems you blest
 Above all womankind;—when honours court
 Your lovely brow, and kings become your slaves,
 You sigh amidst prosperity, and shun
 The pomp and homage which attends your state.

E R M I N I A.

Ah could I shun them, my SOFRONIA,
 How gladly would my heart forswear *Jerusalem*,
 It's king, it's crown, and all it's boasted glories,
 And bless me with a mean but happy lot!
 My humble nature suits not with my birth;
 My sole desire is peaceful to possess
 My hand and heart, and that the fates forbid.
 Oh TANCRED, TANCRED! how thou rend'st my soul!
 I thought, great love, that I had shook thee off;
 Whilst my heart, freed from thy tyrannic sway,
 Consented to a brother's kind request,
 And gave me up to SALADIN—and woe:
 But, like a practis'd spy, the subtle god
 Did lurk about, whilst seemingly he fled,
 That when he unexpectedly return'd,
 And found the centinels were fast asleep,

(Gratitude

(Gratitude t' ARGANTES, hate to TANCRED) -

Who should defend the citadel of my heart,
To the besiegers he might yield the town,
And with a force unlook'd for, and resistless,
Break down the ramparts, and with fury rush
On every foe, and bear down all before him.
It better had submitted at the first attack,
Than to have contended with unequal strength
Against a mighty and revengeful foe,
Who hath plac'd guards at each suspected post,
And block'd up every hope of succour.

S O F R O N I A.

Then I in vain, my lovely princess, thought
This hapless flame extinguish'd in your breast,
A father's love triumphant, and your hatred sprung
Immortal against TANCRED from his blood.

E R M I N I A.

I dreamt so, my SOFRONIA; but the short-liv'd peace,
Which with deceitful promise lull'd my breast,
Fled at my royal brother's hard command.
When meant the Sultan's bride, my rebel love
More loudly pleaded, and alone was heard;
Ill stifled flames broke out afresh,
And with increased violence they rag'd,
Shewing ERMINIA what a wretch she was:
Yet oft I hop'd the ties ARGANTES claims
To all my gratitude and all my love,
Added to SALADIN's much boasted worth,
Would force too lovely TANCRED from my thoughts.

Join

OF JERUSALEM.

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Join with them, my SOFRONIA, urge my duty,
And teach my heart how to abandon TANCRED.

S O F R O N I A.

Think, madam, on this SALADIN's great fame
In war, and milder virtues which shine forth in peace;
Think too how much he loves, whilst TANCRED
Did when a slave, (alas ! too willing slave)
Behold your beauty with a careless eye;
Nor deign'd he once discourse to you of love :
He is a Christian too, and would destroy
Our holy Prophet's long triumphant faith.
The Sultan reigns, whilst impious TANCRED aims,
Join'd with the Christians brutal wandering force,
To share the plunder of those hapless towns
They conquer under the all-sacred name
Of piety and zeal, which they profane;
The constant screen to hide ambitious views.
The sordid wish convey'd their greedy arms
Against our *Antioch* and the reverend King.
Oh stab him not again with your unhallow'd love !
More than the hostile steel a daughter's shame
Must wound a parent even in blest abodes.——
Your noble brother, then in distant climes,
Flew to our succour, and regain'd the town;
The Christians fled before his conquering arms,
And only left him to lament the want
Of TANCRED's blood to glut his father's manes.

E R M I N I A.

Ah stop, my friend, and speak not thus of TANCRED,
My once lov'd, nay, I fear, my still lov'd TANCRED—

C

Even

Even foes must own him brave and generous——
 'Tis for his God, not for himself, he fights,
 And acts thro' fervent tho' mistaken zeal;
 A noble soul breathes with resistless charms
 Thro' all that wonderous form and matchless face:
 With gentle sighs he dry'd my filial tears:
 Sometimes he mix'd his own—then wish'd
 The act undone for which they stream'd so fast.
 How did he cancel all my wrongs, outweigh'd
 By gentle treatment—In my captive state
 I still was worship'd as a native queen,
 And was no captive, tho' a willing one:
 For he did make captivity so pleasing,
 That Liberty, which all mankind adores,
 Was a most loathsome thing in my esteem;
 And a release more dreaded by my soul
 Than chains and prisons, nay e'en death itself.
 The too short moments spent with TANCRED fled
 On downy wings, but left a sting behind,
 Which I attempted not to pluck, or if I did,
 'Twas with a hand so fearful, that the gentle touch
 Did only force it deeper in.—'Twas like
 The tooth of timorous doe, who tries
 To draw the dart her hunter hath infix'd;
 But wanting strength, doth more enlarge the wound,
 Making it wider gape, and bleed the more.
 TANCRED did talk, but still he nam'd not love,
 Whilst greedily mine ears did swallow his sweet accents,
 And drank in ruin at each word he spoke!——
 His eyes, his form, his every charm did steal
 Insensibly upon me, and so fill'd mine heart

O F J E R U S A L E M.

11

With TANCRED and with Love, as left no room
 For Father, Brother, or Religion's self :
 Whilst TANCRED pity'd, poor ERMINIA lov'd,
 And lost herself without the gain of TANCRED.—
 Yet frequent hath the hero mark'd my flame,
 Tho' virgin modesty restrain'd my tongue,
 And seem'd to term affection, gratitude :
 But our averted faiths did quench his flame,
 Or some more happy fair one had inspir'd ;
 Their silent tale was ever told in vain.

S O F R O N I A.

I tremble at the thought, should it e'er wound his ears,
 How TANCRED's love, an almost impious flame,
 Would raise ARGANTES' hate—even 'gainst ERMINIA :
 Think on the woes you shower upon his head ;
 The second war must drain our *Syrian* blood ;
 By the refusal of your hand to SALADIN.
 Perhaps obedient to your wish, reclaim'd
 By absence, time, and nuptial vows,—your heart
 May crown with fond return the Sultan's love.

E R M I N I A.

Oh never; never !——but I yield to fate—
 The great ARGANTES claims, and has my heart.
 And for their country lives there one so vile,
 Who would not shed his last dear vital drop.—
 But what is life ? A coward dares to die :
 Shame arms him for the fight, tho' death appears :
 I dare live wretched, and am much more brave.
 Brightest of forms divine—pardon, celestial Truth,
 From whose just laws I ne'er before did swerve !

Reluctant now I quit thy heavenly paths,
And teach my tongue, unpractis'd in such arts,
How to dissemble in a virtuous cause.

Enter ISMENO.

ISMENO.

The banquet waits ERMINIA's presence ;
Each eager eye impatiently expects
The grace and glory of fair Syria's realm.

[*Exit ISMENO.*]

ERMINIA.

The victim comes—down, stubborn heart,
For I will be thy tyrant—suit thyself
Unto my honest purpose ; nor befriend
Th' ungrateful, the offending TANCRED——
I come, O SALADIN, and 'midst my woes
Must teach my brow to wear the smiles of ease,
And seem to relish what my heart disowns.

In real happiness less pomp is seen ;
But gloomy grandeurs e'er attend a queen ;
Whilst the poor peasant, in his humble cot,
Lives to the world, forgetting and forgot ;
With meek content he spends his guiltless days,
Peace in his paths, and pleasure in his ways ;
No kingdom can a sacrifice command,
He reigns sole master of his heart and hand ;
He's free to chuse the partner of his bed,
And love alone directs him where to wed.
Far other springs our regal actions move,
Who ne'er must taste the dear-bought joys of love.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE I.

GODFREY'S *Tent.*

GODFREY, TANCRED, and VAFRINO.

T A N C R E D.

THE unwelcome news is now too well confirm'd :

A letter from some Christian, and our friend,
 Thrown o'er the walls, was by VAFRINO found,
 And brought to me : It said ARGANTES came
 To aid *Jerusalem's* expiring pride,
 Taking advantage of night's friendly shade
 To pass thro' avenues unknown to us,
 And thus avoiding our victorious arms.

G O D F R E Y.

My God, it is thy cause ; and hitherto protected
 Most visibly by thine almighty power :
 We wait thy time to crown our arms
 With meekest patience ; nor repine
 That victory, when just attendant on our call,
 Was snatch'd away by interposing night,
 Brought on before it's hour by envious clouds ;
 And now fresh fuel doth ARGANTES add
 To SALADIN's vain hopes by his arrival :

But

But God still favours us, and solely doth delay
The conquest, to display his sovereign power,
To snatch away, or give it in a moment,
And raises difficulties only to subdue them.

T A N C R E D.

His will be done, for whom alone we bleed,
And cannot with more glory fight, or fall.

G O D F R E Y.

I hop'd this day had ended all our toils,
And torn from infidels the holy city;
But now adieu my short-liv'd joy;
One instant lost the labours of a year.

T A N C R E D.

Our troops are by this unexpected blow
Cast down, and feel their weakness more;
Their strength and vigour vanish with their hopes,
They grow lukewarm, and murmur 'gainst their chiefs.

G O D F R E Y.

I see it, TANCRED, and must sooth despair,
(Unknown to my firm soul) by a short respite:
Our soldiers all demand one day of truce,
And we have promis'd it unto their wishes:
I know that SALADIN will joyful grant
That which he needeth so much more than us;
Had not ARGANTES made the balance equal.—
And by the universal voice you are
Entreated for to undertake this embassy,
As one much lov'd and trusted by the army.

T A N C R E D.

They think too highly of my poor deserts;

But

OF JERUSALEM. 15

But I will strive to merit their best loves,
And be unto them a most faithful herald.

G O D F R E Y.

Success attend you.—I will strait
Unto the joyful troops with your reply.

[Exit GODFREY,

T A N C R E D.

It is a welcome errand unto me,
For I shall see the warlike fair one there,
Who doubly fraught with beauty and with death,
Beams swift destruction from her eyes and hand;
And bless my sight once more with my CLORINDA,

V A F R I N O.

Much do I pity your unhappy flame,
Which never must expect a kind return;
For tho' you impiously embrac'd her faith,
(Which heaven avert my brother e'er should mean!)
And turn apostate for a woman's charms,
It would be fruitless all; her haughty soul
Is so fill'd up with glory and with war,
That all the attributes of bolder man
Do single out CLORINDA from her sex,
And banish every thought of gentler love.

T A N C R E D.

Too well I know she never can be mine,
Tho' thus I doat even to the extreme
Of madness and despair—yet what has faith,
Honour, religion, what has ought,
Ties the most sacred, to dispute with love?
It bears down all, and makes of godlike man

The

The veriest slave ; adores tyrannic power.
 Had'st thou, my brother, known my anxious thoughts,
 Felt the caprices, flattering smiles of love,
 You would pity all the pangs my bosom owns,
 Exclaim against, forswear love, and obey him.

V A F R I N O.

Long may the tyrant be unknown to me :
 Health, peace, and pleasure dread his cruel reign.

T A N C R E D.

Oh hadst thou seen her, my VAFRINO,
 When she with all her beauties rush'd
 Upon my soul, and triumph'd o'er each sense !
 'Tis now three years, three lingering years,
 Since I did first behold CLORINDA,
 Whilst, tir'd with conquest and with heat o'ercome,
 She at a cooling stream did slake her thirst,
 Loosing her helmet, and to the sun displaying
 Those charms which far eclips'd his lustre :
 Our Christians routed, thither I was led
 By chance : I saw, and gaz'd my heart away.
 CLORINDA snatch'd her bow, and aim'd a dart
 Full at my breast, who thus defenceless stood,
 Regardless of my life, and fix'd in wonder :
 But in the air it harmless flew, nor touch'd
 That breast where love had plac'd his throne,
 And was perhaps defended by him,
 Disdaining any wounds but his should enter.

V A F R I N O.

I do remember in that point I came
 And snatch'd you, tho' unwilling, from the danger ;
 Would

OF JERUSALEM. 17

Would I could tear you now from all the woes
Which I foresee attend this hapless passion.

TANCRED.

The holy war hath ruin'd TANCRED;
For time and frequent fight of my CLORINDA
Have only rivetted her chains the faster.—
At every hostile town we have besieg'd
Since first I left my native *Europe*,
CLORINDA led the war, and conquer'd TANCRED.
But I should never cease, VAFRINO, did I tell thee
Half her bright virtues, half her wondrous charms.
Let us retire——GODFREY expects me.

[*Exeunt TANCRED and VAFRINO.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

SALADIN *seated on his Throne.* ARGANTES, ER-
MINIA, CLORINDA, ARSETES, &c. &c.

ISMENO *entering says,*
TANCRED is come, and with impatience waits
Admittance to your presence.

SALADIN.

Bid him enter. [*Exit ISMENO,*]
We will receive him as becomes our majesty,
When it doth stoop to parley with a Christian.

Re-enter ISMENO with TANCRED.

TANCRED.

I am your foe, most mighty SALADIN;

D

Yet,

Yet, with your subjects, I revere those virtues
 Which make you worthy of a greater throne,
 And wish to have found a friend in SALADIN :
 But that's impossible—then let it pass,
 For we must never meet on terms of peace ;
 It is no common cause which draws our swords,
 Our enmity, as lasting as our lives,
 Can never end but with them.—
 It is of truce, and not of peace, I treat ;
 Refreshment is much needed by both armies ;
 Then grant it to their mutual entreaties.

S A L A D I N.

My people's good is ever near my heart,
 And I would please them in their every wish.
 To GODFREY, then, bear this reply.—
 One day I grant, and then again we meet
 On terms of blood and death.—My just revenge
 Will brook no more delay.

T A N C R E D [*Aside.*]

My struggling heart !

Down, down, CLORINDA.—Alas, it will not be !
 I could for ages gaze, and then return
 To gaze as 'twere my first fond eager look :
 But see, she reads my passion in my eyes,
 And views me with such proud disdainful looks,
 As if she knew and glory'd in my pain.

[*Aloud.*] To GODFREY I shall bear this rough reply.
 Heaven grant, great SALADIN, your heart, misled,
 May yield to truth, and God so ope your eyes,
 That you may save your dear immortal soul,

And

O F J E R U S A L E M. 19

And turn from your *Jerusalem* those arms
Rais'd in his wrath to punish infidels.

S A L A D I N.

Hence, prating Christian, whose religion lies
Within your tongue, whose boasted founder
Preached up patience and forgiveness.—
Ye cool, dull sectaries, when next we meet
It shall be prov'd who hath the juster cause :
Our MAHOMET establish'd his by fire and sword,
And will, I trust, support it to the last.

T A N C R E D.

Peace, thou blasphemers !—But I've done :
Vain were the task to argue against ignorance ;
In that and superstition wert thou rear'd.
I will not now provoke thy rage :
When next we meet, I'll speak my mind more free.
Till then farewell.—[*Aside*] CLORINDA, ah CLORINDA !

S A L A D I N.

Do you, ISMENO, from our chosen guard
Select a few, as a safe escort
To this proud Christian from our hostile walls.

[*Exeunt* TANCRED and ISMENO.]

C L O R I N D A.

Pardon, my prince, if I too freely speak,
And give advice which is not woman's province :
Tho' female born, I have a soul above
Each weakness, all the foibles of my sex.
Hear, then, oh SALADIN, my faithful counsel ;
Yet, yet recall this short-liv'd truce,
And rush with your fresh troops upon the foe ;

Still weaker they esteem themselves than you,
Or they had never stoop'd to ask a truce,

SALADIN.

CLORINDA, glorious bulwark of our state,
Who art alone an army : few like you,
Could thus long bear the war without a wish
Of rest.—My soldiers all demand it,
And I dare not refuse them, tho' my soul
Pants with as hot impatience for the field
As does the brave CLORINDA's : pardon then
If once we must refuse to obey your counsels.

Retire, my friends, and leave me with my thoughts.

[*Exeunt* CLORINDA, ARGANTES, ERMINIA,
ARSETES, &c.

And enter ISMENO.

SCENE III.

SALADIN *and* ISMENO.

SALADIN.

Draw near, my friend, and to thy faithful breast
Let me confide the fears which torture mine.
Did'st thou not mark ERMINIA's stolen looks ?
What should it mean ?——they glanc'd on TANCRED ;
But what is TANCRED to ERMINIA ?
Why should she look or think on him ?

ISMENO.

He kill'd her father, and besieg'd *Antiochia* :
Perhaps she ey'd him with disdain and anger,
Wishing each look might have the power
Of basilisks, for to revenge her cause.

SALADIN

OF JERUSALEM.

21

SALADIN.

Revenge!——no, no, ISMENO, they were not
The looks of rage, ERMINIA cast on TANCRED;
'Twas the soft glance of tenderness and love,
The babbling tell-tales of a woman's heart.
The friendly intercourse which long subsisted
Between them when he daily saw her,
And seiz'd each opportunity——Gods!
I could not sure mistake!——In these few hours
I have run so far in my career of love,
That he has taught me from ERMINIA's eyes
More than I learnt in all my former life.

ISMENO.

Why should your Majesty thus add
The pangs of jealousy to those of conscience,
Pursuing wretchedness when fortune courts you?
Observe my faithful counsel——end at once
These doubts and fears which thus perplex you:
The new-born truce subservient to the purpose
Of hastning your much wish'd for nuptials——

SALADIN.

Yes, I will take advantage of this truce
To make the fair ERMINIA mine,
Spite of the utmost malice of my fate.
Who knows the event of our next battle?
It may for ever snatch ERMINIA from me.
My anxious fears shall end by her reply:
My suit will soon be granted if she loves me;
If not——she must be mine by love or force.

[*Exeunt SALADIN and ISMENO.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ARSETES' House in Jerusalem.

CLORINDA and ARSETES.

ARSETES.

Why should my dearest daughter droop
Amidst the general joy, nor share
In that festivity which glads each brow?

CLORINDA.

I am a woman—Gods! why did ye warm
My breast with every manly virtue,
Giving me strength and courage 'bove my sex,
Yet still deny me nobly to display them?

ARSETES.

Doth not *Jerusalem* admire CLORINDA?
And is she not regarded most in war and council?
SALADIN reveres her, and his grateful subjects
Own her strong arm their chief support,
Whilst her just praises glad ARSETES' ears,
And make his aged eyes o'erflow with joy.

CLORINDA.

True—I have fought amidst the thickest battles,
And shar'd in glory with the common soldier;
He did as much—by no superior act
Was your CLORINDA ever singled out
From the low herd who fight for daily food,
And make a trade of war.—What is renown,
So cheaply bought, so undeserv'dly worn?

I'd

I'd do some deed should 'lasting fix my name
In glory's temple with immortal praise.

ARSETES.

Much do I dread your towering soul
Will rob ARSETES of his only comfort,
And, contradicting the decrees of nature,
Make me conduct my daughter to that grave,
Upon whose brink I tottering stand,
Whilst it's extended jaws do yawn,
Preparing to devour the long expected prey.

CLORINDA.

Better to mourn me dead, than living,
Bury'd in oblivion—that indeed were death,
The only death CLORINDA's soul can fear.

Enter ARGANTES.

ARGANTES.

The council meets——By SALADIN's commands
I crave CLORINDA's presence to adorn it.

CLORINDA [*After a pause.*]

I come, ARGANTES. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a glorious thought.

ARSETES,

What doth my daughter meditate?

CLORINDA.

An action worthy of CLORINDA.

[*Exeunt* CLORINDA, ARGANTES, and ARSETES.]

SCENE

THE SIEGE

SCENE V.

A Council-Chamber.

SALADIN, ARGANTES, CLORINDA, &c.
seated as in Council.

SALADIN.

What can CLORINDA ask which SALADIN
 Will not immediate grant, yet think
 His debt of gratitude but poorly paid?

CLORINDA.

Ought for myself my soul disdains to ask :
 For SALADIN and his *Jerusalem* I plead.

SALADIN.

Before you name your suit, I swear to grant.

CLORINDA.

The truce this day expires,
 And the next rising sun beholds
 Our hapless plains again immers'd in blood :
 'This night sure all attempts are just,
 And both the armies will renew hostilities,
 Improving each advantage they can seize.
 You know too well the fatal tower
 Erected near the gate t' assault our walls :
 Oft hath the weighty ram made breaches in them,
 When push'd by those within, who guided it,
 Forcing our soldiers reeling to retreat,
 And leave our walls unguarded, to the flock
 Of flaming fireballs hissing round our head——
 At the first dawn, whilst all the camp is lost
 In blind security and needed rest,

The truce but just expir'd,—then let me rush
Upon the empty tower, and with a match
Reduce in flames that engine to the ground.

SALADIN.

I am struck with wonder!—Sure some god
Inspires that tongue, and guides that arm—
CLORINDA, greatest blessing fate hath sent,
How shall we speak our thanks, thou dauntless fair!
Select amongst our try'd and faithful warriors
A chosen few; for numbers would ill suit
The secrecy of your design.—

CLORINDA.

I need them not!

CLORINDA only can protect CLORINDA.—
The honour and the danger all be mine.

SALADIN.

Ah! should you fail, (which MAHOMET avert)
Think what a blow the common cause sustains;
Let that effect what your own safety cannot;
Admit one partner in this brave attempt.—

ARGANTES.

And let that one be me.—

My emulating soul, which thirsts for glory,
Admires and envies your superior greatness,
And longs to reap its laurels with CLORINDA—
Then let ARGANTES' arm combine with your's,
And let him share the glorious danger.

Ah! did she know with what a feeble voice

[*Aside.*

Glory compar'd to love pleads here,

Her haughty soul would scorn my proffer'd aid,

E

Nor

Nor pity weakness which it never felt.—
 Better to wear the cold pretence of friendship,
 Then shall I fight by my CLORINDA's side,
 And see her conquest, or revenge her fall.

SALADIN.

Let me entreat you yield to his request.

CLORINDA.

I must, since SALADIN hath stoop'd to ask it :
 But let no other arm assist.

SALADIN.

It shall not.

What other arm is worthy of such honour ?
 Once more permit me to review ARSETES,
 To soothe his griefs, prepare his soul to bear
 The shock which soon his reverend age must feel,
 In parting with a child whom he perhaps
 For the last time strains in his feeble arms :
 This tribute paid to nature, all the rest
 Is sacred unto SALADIN and glory.

Neglectful of each female trifling charm,
 No lightning in my eye, but thunder from my arm,
 With our proud lords I have each danger shar'd,
 And dar'd as much as ever mankind dar'd :
 Applauding ages shall this deed admire,
 And emulating heroes catch my fire :
 When for her aid CLORINDA's country calls,
 She greatly frees it, or she greatly falls.

[*Exeunt* SALADIN, CLORINDA, and ARGANTES.]

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Room in the Palace of Jerusalem.

ERMINIA and SOFRONIA.

ERMINIA.

'TIS come, my friend, the dreaded hour is come,
 When poor ERMINIA hath no more to hope,
 No more to fear ;—her doom, her final doom
 At length is fix'd, and she's a wretch for life.
 SALADIN now claims my promis'd hand,
 And these detested nuptials are preparing.
 In vain I urg'd our short acquaintance,
 Which did not grant sufficient time for love,
 Who creeps insensibly into the heart,
 Nor is the work of one poor transient day.
 To-morrow fixes me undone for ever :
 And, that new woes might not be wanting
 To make up the full weight of my distress,
 ARGANTES, my dear brother, risks his life
 In a most rash nocturnal sally,
 Leaving his helpless sister as a prey
 Unto this SALADIN, this boasted hero,
 Who now, I fear, deceives the world

By a false shew of virtues which he knows not,
Imposing on my brother's generous nature.

S O F R O N I A.

And will ARGANTES,—a brother who so loves you,
Force his ERMINIA's hand, and make her wed
One whom she scarce has had the leisure
To form a slight acquaintance with ?
How much too short to form a lasting tie !

E R M I N I A.

When honour prompts, and ever sacred faith,
A monarch sacrifices to his public feelings
The gentle sway of nature in his breast,
And loses in the monarch every tie of blood,

S O F R O N I A.

Yet surely our more tender sex
Should be exempted from this barbarous duty,
Nor pay, with every comfort, every joy of life,
The forfeit of their mad untam'd ambition.
Alas ! is there no way to 'scape destruction,
If you refuse your hand ?

E R M I N I A.

Yes,—there is one,

One only path lies open to my tread,
And shelters from the storm which blows around.
I once had scorn'd it—I was then a princess ;
But now it suits an outcast like ERMINIA,
Reduc'd by a too fatal height of virtue,
And hither brought to share a tyrant's bed :
War and confusion join our hands,
Whilst death and horror are the bridegrooms.

Yes—love, and my unequal'd woes,
Have thrown down all the barriers in my way,
And point out refuge in my TANCRED.

S O F R O N I A.

Ah, madam, what sad purpose fills your breast !
How will it be distracted with contending passions,
When he shall know, and proudly slight your love !
For ah ! what woe can match that female's pangs,
Who has confess'd an ill-requited flame ?
Scarce did his scornful tho' too lovely eyes
Deign with one glance to bless ERMINIA.

E R M I N I A.

Perhaps he fear'd (too cautious in his love)
To raise suspicion in the tyrant's breast,
And haste the nuptials dreaded by us both :——
But be his caution prudence or neglect,
Whether he courts or flights ERMINIA's love,
She means to fly from his abhorred rival,
And underneath some humble roof
Seek, in disguise, a charitable refuge.

S O F R O N I A.

Whither can we fly ?—how, unobserv'd,
Pass through the hostile camp, or even reach it ?
A stranger in these climes, ah ! how direct
Your trembling feet to hospitable roofs ?

E R M I N I A.

I am resolv'd :—this night shall free me :
When brave CLORINDA seeks repose,
(For some hours hence she sallies forth)
Clad in her armour, I shall freely pass,

In that disguise secure of open gates;
 Then fly unto an ancient neighbouring wood,
 Where I have heard a reverend hermit dwells,
 Humane of heart, and tho' a Christian,
 He will conceal us unsuspected there,
 Whilst an old slave, whom I have brib'd to guide me,
 Will safe conduct us to his hospitable cell.

S O F R O N I A.

I have heard of him—he was much esteem'd
 (Tho' of a different faith) by SALADIN's good brother,
 Who knew his wisdom and his merit well,
 And did entrust him in affairs of state.
 E'er since this haughty tyrant reign'd,
 He hath retir'd, and leads a hermit's life;
 But he is Christian, and I fear——

E R M I N I A.

Is he not virtuous?
 How then can I fear?—He will protect
 That virtue which he loves, tho' in a foe.
 With him conceal'd, I'll wait th' event of war;
 And it is deem'd to-morrow will decide
 The fate of this long-prosecuted siege.——
 But night draws on—let us prepare
 For our intended flight.——

[*Exeunt* ERMINIA and SOFRONIA.]

SCENE

OF JERUSALEM. 31

SCENE II.

ARSETES' *House in Jerusalem.*

ARSETES and CLORINDA.

A R S E T E S.

Yet hear me, my lov'd daughter; yet desist,
Nor pull destruction on that laurel'd head,
By a mistaken, tho' a noble valour.

C L O R I N D A.

Cease to dissuade me, for I must not listen :
Faith, honour, glory, all forbid ;
And where they lead, even tho' destruction gap'd
And waited for her prey I would not shrink ;
Opposing worlds in vain would bar my way.

A R S E T E S.

Yet stay, I charge thee stay ; for I could tell
A story full of wonder, which would stop
CLORINDA in her hottest course of glory.

C L O R I N D A.

Why will you force me thus to disobey you ?
Give not, my father, the loose reins to fear,
But check his power, and yield them to ambition :
Think how your heart will even ach with joy,
When you behold me 'midst applauding crowds,
Who hail CLORINDA as their guardian angel.

A R S E T E S.

Yes, I shall see thee amidst crowds return,
Admir'd in tears, but not in shouts of joy,—

Pale,

Pale, breathless, stretch'd upon a bier,
 With ghastly wounds all bleeding o'er :—
 This fight is yet reserved for ARSETES,
 To blast his age.—Such are the dire effects
 Of curst deceit, and violated oaths !

CLORINDA.

What violated oaths, and what deceit ?
 Those crimes are strangers to CLORINDA's breast.

ARSETES [*aside.*]

Had they been such, for ever such to mine,
 My error had not now been writ in blood.
 Too late repentance : yet I will confess,
 And try to wean CLORINDA from destruction.
 Here let me kneel, my gracious princess,
 (Daughter no more) and thus with reverence pay
 That homage which too long hath been delay'd.

CLORINDA.

Rise, rise, my father :—alas ! what mean you
 By this unfitting posture ?—speak—
 For I am all amazement and attention.

ARSETES.

Then hear, CLORINDA, and ah pardon too.
 From no mean slave, as once ARSETES was,
 But from a royal lineage you spring :
 Old SENAPUS your sire, who rul'd *Cafreria's* realm
 (And still perhaps he rules that barren soil)
 With godlike courage, but tyrannic sway,
 The fiercest of his warlike nation,
 Whose very females shine in deeds of arms :
 Nor less a tyrant to his lovely queen,

Whose

OF JERUSALEM. 39

Whose dusky beauties charm'd his savage soul,
 And fill'd his breast with jealousy unjust.——
 The pregnant princess in confinement pin'd,
 And I was made her most unwilling gaoler.
 At length the hour of her delivery came,
 When lo ! a child of beauty's fairest hue
 Increas'd instead of easing her alarms,
 And that sweet babe was you.

CLORINDA.

Proceed, old man ;
 I know not yet what other name to give ;
 Thy tale is big with wonder, and it shakes
 My soul with passions yet unknown.
 (*Aside.*) Female credulity !—it cannot be——
 'Tis sure invented to detain me with him ;
 Yet I will further hear——

ARSETES.

Oh ! my CLORINDA,

Let my sad words sink deep into your mind :
 The queen, who trembled at th' expected rage
 Of her dread lord, when he beheld a child
 In colour so unlike his parents—bade me fly
 Far from *Casreria* with my lovely charge,
 And bring it up in her own Christian faith,
 Whilst SENAPUS believ'd she bore a lifeless child :
 Then with a trembling hand she sign'd
 The mystic cross upon your smiling brow,
 And with fast streaming tears resign'd
 Her dear CLORINDA to ARSETES' arms.
 I bore you to my native soil, *Jerusalem*,

F

And

And there, alas ! neglectful of my vow,
 I rear'd your youth in my own Prophet's faith.
 But soon despising an inactive life,
 Your country's fierceness struggling in your breast,
 You bore impatiently the sweets of peace,
 Broke through restraint, fled from ARSETES,
 And led the war where'er it rag'd.——
 I took a fatal pleasure in your deeds,
 And glory'd in the fame which crown'd CLORINDA,
 Ah ! had I bred you up in mild retirement - - - -

CLORINDA.

Perish the inglorious thought !
 But why do I now first hear thy tale ?
 The story of my birth thus long conceal'd,
 Was not made known 'till this day, big with fate ;
 And told, I fear, for a most coward purpose :
 But, be it true or false, you plead in vain ;
 Our MAHOMET's laws are writ' within my heart,
 And 'tis too late now to erase that faith,
 Which time and custom have deep 'graven here,

ARSETES,

Then I must yield to fate :
 CLORINDA's death is fixed.
 Know, I had still conceal'd your noble birth,
 But in sad dreams, around my lonely couch
 Last night appear'd my queen's still honour'd shade,
 And much upbraided me with broken vows ;
 It bade me swift reveal her daughter's fate,
 And save CLORINDA from the certain death
 Which waits her rashness in this bold attempt.

OF JERUSALEM.

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C L O R I N D A.

Vain phantoms all!—airy delusions—
The sport of fancy when the judgment sleeps.
I'll hear no more—too long my duteous ear
Hath listen'd to that father's voice rever'd,
Which once did waken all my soul to glory.

A R S E T E S.

Honour and prudence should be guides to valour.

C L O R I N D A.

Once more adieu—the king will chide my stay.
How will you blush at these successless schemes,
When crown'd with glory I shall safe return.

[Exit CLORINDA.]

A R S E T E S.

Yet stop—yet hear—alas! she's gone,
And gone for ever from my longing sight.—
How pale she seem'd, and how her fading eyes
Look'd fix'd and dim to my well-grounded fears!
Yet I could bear it all, did not thy stings,
Oh conscience, add new horrors to my fate,
And tell me it is my mistaken zeal
Hath brought these woes on my devoted head.
Religious fury, whither dost thou lead,
When unrestrain'd by meek humanity!

[Exit ARSETES.]

SCENE III.

*The Christian Tents.**Enter TANCRED and VAFRINO.*

TANCRED.

It is in vain you plead ERMINIA's charms,
To a distemper'd love-sick heart like mine.

ERMINIA's fair; I saw, I felt her worth - - - -

VAFRINO.

Add, that she loves you.

TANCRED.

Much, I fear, she does,
Persuaded by the flattering God of Smiles
(As falsely oft we see through his thick veil)
My cool attentions were th' effect of love.
I shew'd no more of courtesy to her,
Than all her sex have right to claim from our's;
And only wish'd by soft compassion's balm
To soothe those sorrows she so deeply felt:
But when I found too well I had succeeded,
I check'd her hopes by a more cold respect;
And this day, when we met, after a long absence,
Which has, I hope, eras'd me from her heart,
With studious care my eyes avoided her's,
Fearing to fan an ill-extinguish'd flame.

VAFRINO.

How much more worthy is she of your love
Than that too haughty-soul'd CLORINDA?

TAN-

OF JERUSALEM.

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TANCRE D.

ERMINIA's love might any bless, save TANCRE D :
But he is lost to all, except CLORINDA.

Enter GODFREY.

GODFREY.

TANCRE D, well met :—I fought you in your tent
On an affair of greatest import.—
To-morrow's sun, I trust, will view
Our pious arms crown'd with their due success :
Let it not find us unprepar'd for war.
I visit all the camp this night—'tis your's
With your own *Gallic* troops to guard our tower,
To whose resistless force we so much owe.

TANCRE D.

With joy I execute great GODFREY's orders.

[Exeunt TANCRE D and VAFRINO.]

GODFREY.

My heart, elate with heaven-created hope,
Feels a divine protection from above :
But be not too presuming on God's mercy,
Frail man, who art the creature of his bounty :
Learn rather to deserve than to expect.

Celestial justice will each wrong redress,
And crown our virtuous actions with success.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT



A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Room in the Palace.

SALADIN and ARGANTES.

SALADIN.

WHY droops my brother thus?
Sure his great soul cannot submit
To harbour fear, or listen to despair.

ARGANTES.

Guilt only could oppress ARGANTES;
Yet not his own, it is another's guilt,
Which now he unconsenting shares:
A sister's crime reflects on him,
And makes him blush before an injur'd king.

SALADIN.

A sister's crime! ERMINIA's!
Oh my prophetic fears!

ARGANTES.

ERMINIA, even she, this peerless dame,
Whose virtues fame did trumpet round the world,
'Till his loud voice grew hoarse with her perfections,
Her brother's wonder, and her brother's pride;

This

This star whose seemings dazzled all mankind——
 Oh never more, ARGANTES, trust in woman :
 This best hath brought a lasting shame on thee.
 ERMINIA, my lov'd sister, how shall I speak it ?
 Confusion choaks all utterance—yet I must——

SALADIN.

Oh keep me not upon the rack, my friend,
 But give me the full measure of my griefs at once.

ARGANTES.

Gods ! can it be ?——there is no faith in woman.
 ERMINIA's fled, clad in CLORINDA's armour,
 Trusting that horrid night, confusion, war,
 Might screen and save her from our vain pursuits.
 How can I look on thee, mine injur'd friend,
 Or how atone for this accurst event ?

SALADIN.

Too much I owe ARGANTES' friendship,
 To think in aught he willing would offend——
 But SALADIN must ever mourn his loss,
 Lament his fate, tho' not reproach his friend.
 ERMINIA, I did always dread thy coldness.

ARGANTES.

Cast not a thought on her,
 She is unworthy——I resign her——
 A brother yields her to her wretched fate,
 And tears for ever from his fond remembrance.
 Let my approaching deeds efface
 The black reproach with which she loads ARGANTES.

SALA-

SALADIN.

A brother may forget, but the fond lover's task
Is harder far.——I cannot bear my loss.——
Even through the hostile camp I would pursue
The lovely wanderer's steps.——

ARGANTES.

By heaven, I would oppose it.
What, waste our time which battle, council claims,
In a vain search after a worthless female!
No—let her go—To-morrow's victory will give
The needed leisure to regain ERMINIA,
If you can wish so vile a toy regain'd.
Meantime I charge you nought attempt;
Employ your soldiers in a noble cause,
Nor quit a substance to pursue a shadow;
Soon shall I hope in glory's field
To bury with my woes the wrongs of SALADIN.

SALADIN.

I will, guided by my lov'd ARGANTES,
Tho' my heart bleeds with an unhappy passion.
The thoughts of my too lovely still-ador'd ERMINIA
Shall keep alive my dying hopes, and cheer
My sickning courage in the field of battle.

[*Exeunt SALADIN and ARGANTES.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber in ARSETES' House.

CLORINDA *sitting in a pensive posture, dress'd in armour with a plume of black feathers on her head.*

CLORINDA [*rising.*]

ARGANTES waits—the midnight hour hath struck :
Why loiter here ?——ah that's a dreadful question :

Answer it not, CLORINDA ; honour, hear it not.

Why I have fac'd whole armies without fear,

Yet now I trembled at an owl's shrill scream,

And thought she hooted out my funeral obsequies.

'Tis the forewarning struggle nature feels,

When she revolts against approaching death,

And shrinking owns her dissolution near.

Why now, this very day is that bright armour lost,

In which I have so often fought and conquer'd,

Now chang'd into this ominous black ?

ARSETES, thou art true ; I feel thy words,

And know——but shall CLORINDA stop,

When she is climbing the steep height of honour ?

No——should, ARSETES, all thy words prove true,

I can but seal them with that life which I

So often have despis'd and sported with :

'Tis but to die the debt we all must pay :

Death comes but once—I chearful meet his dart,

The coward spins his time to palsy'd age,

And wastes by piecemeal under fourscore years,

I'll none on't—honour, lead on ;

CLORINDA follows thee to death,

[Exit CLORINDA,

SCENE III.

*The back part of the stage discovers the wooden tower,
On one side of the stage is the walls and gates of Jerusalem, and the other side represents the country about Jerusalem.*

CLORINDA and ARGANTES come out of the gate.
CLORINDA with a lighted match in her hand,

CLORINDA.

Befriend us, fate, this once, and then forsake,
Blow wide the flames thro' all yon christian camp,
And give them ruin, tho' CLORINDA shares it.

ARGANTES.

In case of a surprize, the gates will ope,
And swift receive us at the gentlest signal.

CLORINDA.

I hope success—but should we fail,
My rashness shall not so far conquer prudence
To yield up life on much unequal terms.
I would preserve it for some deeds of fame !

ARGANTES.

Alas ! I hear the tread of feet,
And by the moon's pale glimmering light
Behold great numbers hither coming :

Swift

Swift let us gain the friendly refuge
Ere yet it be too late.

CLORINDA.

I follow you.

ARGANTES and CLORINDA go to the gate; ARGANTES knocks, immediately the gate is open'd, he enters, and the gate closes again with the utmost precipitation.

CLORINDA.

Quick ope the gate—CLORINDA calls:

They hear me not—the foe comes on.

ARGANTES!—he thinks I enter'd with him,

What then remains?—a glorious death.

Now die, CLORINDA, but revenge thy fall.

I stand upon the brink of a steep precipice;

To cast my wandering eyes with hope behind

Will only more secure destruction—

Fate do thy worst—I dare thee.

*Enter TANCRED, VAFRINO and SOLDIERS—
the latter stand partly behind the scenes.*

TANCRED [*advancing and speaking to VAFRINO
from behind.*]

We now approach our most important charge.

Do you—What warrior form is this?

[*Perceiving CLORINDA.*] Art thou a friend or foe?

CLORINDA.

Had I my wish, thou had'st not liv'd to ask it.

I know thee—thou art TANCRED—I have oft
With eager wishes fought thee in the field,
To take a life so worthy of my sword.

T A N C R E D.

Proud boaster, speak—thy life is in my power.

C L O R I N D A.

It is not, TANCRED, for thou durst not take it.
On equal terms I brave thee, and all else
Would fully that high honour which thou bearest :
But unconstrained I will speak my purpose ;
My name you know not 'till 'tis writ in blood.
I came to fire your tower with this ;

[Shewing the match, which she throws down.]

And thus I dash the traitor to the ground.—
This oft hath blush'd with Christian blood.

[Drawing her sword.]

Now thou knowest all.—My life is thine——
If thou durst do a coward action, take it ;
If not,—treat me as a foe, but as a generous one.

T A N C R E D.

I will, for thou deservest it.
Retire, VAFRINO, bid my soldiers wait ;
He seems a noble youth.

[Exeunt VAFRINO and SOLDIERS.]

Thou seest I have a soul as great as thine :
Now let us try whose fortune will prevail.

C L O R I N D A.

Come on——I am prepar'd.

[They fight, and CLORINDA falls.]

C L O -

CLORINDA.

Struck home—I have my death—

Mother, ARSETES—oh forgiveness!

TANCRED.

I needs must mourn that victory

Which costs the life of such a valiant foe;

A jewel, whose high value being lately known,

I wish to gain and wear it near my heart.

Assistance may not be too late——let me unloose

Thy helmet, give thee air, and view

My secret enemy at length reveal'd.

[TANCRED takes off CLORINDA's vizor, stands as de-
priv'd of motion, then suddenly throws himself on his
knees beside her.]

TANCRED.

Some pitying angel strike me blind,

Or I shall run distracted at this fight.

Sure some accursed demon veils mine eye,

Placing before them this all-madding object,

To make me rave, blaspheme, and fall like him.——

Oh my CLORINDA, is it thus we meet!

Thus by the sword I first disclose my flame,

And leave these bloody records of my love?

But why thus idly mourn my fate?

[rising.

VAFRINO——he cannot be far distant.

[Calling behind the scenes.

Enter VAFRINO.

VAFRINO.

Why calls my brother? I at distance saw

Your conquest, and was hastening to express my joy.

TAN-

TANCRED.

Talk not of joy ; the very sound is harsh.

Look there, and pity wretched TANCRED.

[*Pointing to CLORINDA.* VAFRINO *starts.*

Oh fly, my brother, and with friendly haste

Procure the best assistance time permits.

With pleasure I resign my principality ;

Nay I would be the very slave of him,

Whose healing art can save CLORINDA's life.

CLORINDA.

It is in vain—the hand of death weighs hard,

I feel him busy at my heart.

TANCRED.

And can'st thou then forgive ?

Let me once hear those cheering words

Ere thy great soul takes her untimely flight.

CLORINDA.

Sincerely as I do may gracious heaven

Pardon my crimes, and take me to it's mercy :

Nay I must thank thee—for thy friendly sword

Hath given me life——eternal life,

And brought conviction to my alter'd soul.

Oh TANCRED ! wilt thou be a friend indeed ?

TANCRED.

I only live to do what you command ;

When that is finish'd, TANCRED's day shall end,

And he will follow you to endless night.

CLORINDA.

I trust, to endless glory——

But be it long before that hour shall come.
 My breath will not support a tedious tale :
 Hereafter you will know more of CLORINDA's story.
 Suffice it now to say a Christian bore me ;
 The fatal secret was too late reveal'd,
 And it had plung'd me deep into perdition,
 Had not thy saving hand redeem'd my soul,
 And let in sacred truth to dawn upon it.
 Hear then my dying words—I am a Christian,
 And in the hope of heavenly pardon sink
 With peace and gratitude into my grave.
 And now, ARSETES, thou'rt my only care,
 Unhappy poor old man.—If thou dost see him
 Before his grief hath cut the thread of life,
 Cheer his torn heart—exhort him to be Christian
 —I can no more—thou God, too late rever'd,
 Receive my parting soul—TANCRED, pray for——

T A N C R E D.

Yes—I will pray to join thee,
 Thou noblest mind, thou fairest form
 That ever was ador'd with deathless love.
 How shall I drag a tedious hated life,
 Depriv'd of all for which I wish'd to live.——
 But why lament what I can thus avoid ?

[Drawing his sword.

V A F R I N O.

Ah ! stop, my brother—yet reflect—
 Think, e'er you launch into eternity itself ;
 For what ?—A woman !—when our God requires
 Your arm to aid a cause so much his own,

You

You cast away that life you had not power to give,
 I see how grief doth lord it o'er your soul,
 And tempts you to some deed of desperation.
 To-morrow in the field exert your strength;
 There if you lose your life, you lose it nobly.

T A N C R E D.

VAFRINO now can stop my arm
 When it would do an act of justice,
 Not when it did a deed which startled nature,
 Whose most accomplish'd work this sword destroy'd.
 ----- Heed not, my brother, these distracted words;
 I blame not you—alas! how could you know her,
 When even TANCRED with the eyes of love could not.
 How did my heart not shrink within me,
 When first I rais'd my sword to take her life,
 In whose defence I would have fought 'till death?
 Pardon, dear shade, if I shall tarry after:
 My God, my friends require it—my revenge!
 These infidels shall weep thy loss in tears of blood.
 When that is done (if grief so long permit
 The wretched TANCRED to survive) my soul
 Shall take her joyful flight, and follow thine
 To realms of endless bliss, to part no more.

V A F R I N O (*aside.*)

Whilst here we stay his grief will ceaseless flow:
 My brother, let us hence, and leave that mournful sight,
 [To TANCRED.
 Which only adds fresh fuel to your grief.

T A N C R E D (*turning to Clorinda.*)

And can I leave thy lovely corpse
 Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey

More

More barbarous than them permit those limbs
To be defac'd with other bleeding marks
Of cruel TANCRED's most destructive love?
Ah no—I cannot leave her—let us bear
The dear remains to my own tent—To-morrow,
If I return victorious from the field,
I'll raise a tomb with all the honours grac'd
Which should adorn a warrior's house of death.

When all the bloody toils of war are done,
And my full course of glory I have run,
Dead to the world—to love alone alive,
Each mournful day my sorrows shall revive;
Whilst, miser like, I to the tomb repair,
And make that treasure all my thought and care,
Prostrate before it shall sad TANCRED lay,
And there groan out the remnant of his day.

[*Exeunt TANCRED and VAFRINO carrying
CLORINDA.*]

End of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

SALADIN *and* ARGANTES.

ARGANTES.

OPPRESS'D with grief ARSETES breath'd his last,
And rests secure from all that weight of woe
Which presses heavy on ARGANTES' mind.
My fatal haste, and the dark shade of night,
Snatch'd from this universe it's richest jewel,
And yielded to the murdering hand of TANCRED
The brightest star gilded our eastern world.

SALADIN.

I mourn with you CLORINDA's early fall,
And lose in her a pillar of my state.
Now every hope rests in the brave ARGANTES,
And on what fate attends the approaching field :
Our utmost efforts then must be essay'd,
When one decisive stroke shall fix our doom.

ARGANTES.

Fast am I bound by every tie to SALADIN,
And will at once revenge his wrongs and mine,

Whilst the remembrance of my lost CLORINDA
 Shall nerve my arm with more than mortal strength.
 Yes, I will find thee, thou inhuman TANCRED;
 Nor supplicating Gods should save thee from revenge.

SALADIN.

Come, my ARGANTES, let us to the field,
 And camp our army, for the dawn appears.

[*Exeunt SALADIN and ARGANTES.*]

SCENE II.

*The Wood near Jerusalem: A Hermitage, and Sheep
 grazing near it, in the back part of the Scene.*

ERMINIA, reading, and SOFRONIA, come out of the
Hermitage disguised as Shepherdesses.

ERMINIA.

Truth with resistless force compels me to be Christian.
 Thou sacred hermit, what I owe thy virtues,
 Which led me to the path of endless life!
 Whilst underneath thy hospitable roof
 I spend my hours in pious meditation,
 And lead the rural life so often sigh'd for,
 I hear not now, vain SALADIN, thy vows,
 Nor practise falsehood, which my soul abhors.
 —Oh! my SOFRONIA, what a pleasing change!

SOFRONIA.

I joy to see your royal heart at ease,
 And trust no clouds will now o'ercast your peace,
 Of love or hatred, doubt or causeless fears,
 With all that anxious train which 'tend on love.

E R M I N I A.

Hah ! saidst thou love ! ah name it not, my friend :
 'Tis there alone I murmur at my fate ;
 Nor can my new-learnt doctrines have the power
 To force that cruel tyrant from my breast.

S O F R O N I A.

Still does this too-lov'd TANCRED fill your heart :
 Nor palaces, nor cells, nor courts, nor groves
 Can drive the bold intruder from your breast.

E R M I N I A.

Witness, ye woods, ye echoing hills,
 How oft your shades have listen'd to my 'plaints,
 Which oft your mimic voices have express'd,
 Whilst every bark boasts my lov'd TANCRED's name.
 Why did I spring from royal *Syrian* blood ?
 And why is TANCRED so exalted too ?——
 Would we had been some neighbouring shepherd's babes,
 Together bred in equal humble state :——
 We then had frequent met at rural sports,
 In sweeter converse oft beguil'd the day,
 'Till love insensibly had crept into our hearts,
 And our glad parents had with rustic joy
 Join'd willing hands, and heard our nuptial vows.

S O F R O N I A.

My princess, dwell not with inventive mind
 On these too pleasing and too painful thoughts :——
 Nor in this solitary grove invite your griefs.——
 See where our fleecy charge doth feed at large ;
 Let us recall them to their wonted folds,
 Lest they should stray too near the Christian Camp.

E R M I-

ERMINIA.

I come.—Heaven grant we meet
Some Infidel escap'd his party's fate,
Who brings the welcome news of their defeat,
And that my TANCRED's lovely brow is crown'd
With never-fading laurels.

[*Exeunt ERMINIA and SOFRONIA.*

SCENE III.

*The back part of the Scene is the Wood; the Walls of
Jerusalem on one Side; a Plain, with the Christian
Camps, on the other.*

*Both Armies enter fighting, and pass over the Stage; the
Christians seem to have the Advantage. ARGANTES
singles out TANCRED.*

TANCRED and ARGANTES.

ARGANTES.

At length I've found thee, bloody murderous TANCRED,
The valiant warrior who doth women slay.
If thou hadst thousand lives they all are given
To the revenge of a despairing lover's sword.

TANCRED.

Of all mankind I wish'd to shun thee most;
But not through fear, my arm this day hath prov'd.
Wast not enough to murder her I love, [Aside.
Must I too stab ERMINIA, who adores me,
And give the wound by her lov'd brother's death?

Stop,

Stop, TANCRED, stop, too much of blood is spilt :
I have reflected, and I will not meet thee :

[To ARGANTES.

Some other victim shall adorn my triumph.

ARGANTES.

Thou hast reflected then, dull coward boy :
An errant Christian, who with words doth war,
But well considers ere he strikes a blow :
I hate a coward, and for that would kill thee.

TANCRED.

Coward !—twice hast thou mouth'd it to me :
Were I made up of holy hermit's ice,
And thou, ARGANTES, more than mortal man,
I could not tamely listen to that word.

ARGANTES.

Then I at length have thaw'd thy frozen blood.

TANCRED.

If thou durst follow me to yonder wood,
I will return thy coward with my sword.

ARGANTES.

Lead on—I follow thee ;
We shall be there more private, and the place
Freer from interruption of our armies.—
Lose no more time in idle words,
For fate is busy—'tis the day of death,
And in the field he doth require mine arm.

[*Exeunt* TANCRED and ARGANTES.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*A Part of the Wood.**Enter TANCRED and ARGANTES.*

A R G A N T E S.

Come on—my heart beats high, impatient for revenge.

T A N C R E D.

Thus take thy wish, rash man.

*[TANCRED and ARGANTES fight; ARGANTES falls,
and TANCRED immediately after him.]*

A R G A N T E S.

Dear hast thou bought thy mighty conquest :
Nor shalt thou long survive, to boast my fall,
To glory in the title of ARGANTES' victor ;
Nor live to hear applauding armies cry
Behold the man who conquer'd great ARGANTES.

T A N C R E D.

Ill suit vain-glorious thoughts an hour like this.
Let us not go in hatred to our graves,
But rather here exchange forgiveness.
Scarce a few hours thy sword hath hasten'd death,
Taking the remnant of a wretched life
Devoted all to grief and to CLORINDA.

Enter ERMINIA and SOFRONIA.

S O F R O N I A.

From hence the martial sound proceeds,
And grated on mine ear like clashing steel.

E R M I-

ERMINIA.

Heaven guard my TANCRED, and support his cause.

Break, break my heart ! see where the hero lies

[Seeing TANCRED.

All weltering in his blood !—Oh TANCRED, speak to me,

Thou sole delight of these unhappy eyes,

Whose lustre long hath been eclips'd

With ceaseless tears, shed all for TANCRED's love.

One look, one word, one sign, and I am blest.

He speaks not, moves not, all my hopes are vain.

Another scene of woe !—behold my brother

[Seeing ARGANTES.

Just panting in the last sad agonies of death !

My dear ARGANTES, if so much of life

Remains, speak comfort to your once lov'd sister——

Your blessing, your forgiveness for the rash attempt,

Which sad necessity did urge me to,

And has, I dread, estrang'd me from your heart.

ARGANTES.

Hah ! what art thou ?—ERMINIA ! no,

Thou art the ghost of her departed worth :

She was all virtue, thou all infamy.——

She should have been the royal bride of SALADIN ;

A wanderer thou, the outcast of mankind.

ERMINIA.

With your last words, oh curse me not, ARGANTES ;

Nor quite o'ercharge a heart already broken.

When I consented to espouse the king,

I did deceive myself still more than you :

I hop'd his virtues would have gain'd my heart ;

(But there, alas ! you also were deceiv'd)

And

And rooted from it TANCRED's image.

Ah pardon then, since love has well reveng'd.

A R G A N T E S.

And canst thou think by an ill-tim'd repentance
To blot out such a train of high offences

Against our laws, for I perceive thee Christian,
Against the faith of nations and thy brother?—

I will not more oppress your bleeding heart.

Were you immerg'd in crimes of deeper die,

And most obdurate, sure this sight would pierce

Your inmost soul——See where your minion lies,

Pierc'd by my sword, whilst his return'd the blow.

My vital spirits fail, death veils thee from me,

And this, ERMINIA, is my last adieu.

[Dies.

E R M I N I A.

Yet hold, my heart—cease, ye officious tears,

Flow back unto your fountain—there remain

Till the large measure of my woe is full;

Then burst your bounds, o'erflow the desert banks,

And in one inundation perish life.

He groans!—blest sound! there yet are hopes:

Gods! that the groans of TANCRED e'er should be

A sound of pleasure to ERMINIA's ear!

T A N C R E D.

Whoe'er thou art, thy friendly care is vain,

And all thy charity can now bestow,

Is to convey me, if the means are here,

Unto the Christian camp amongst my friends,

And grant in their kind arms to breathe my last.

ERMINIA.

Alas ! nor horse nor litter have we here.

'Tis all we can, to aid your faltering steps,

And guide you to a hermit's lonely cell,

There dress your wounds, and find some means

To bear you to the Christian camp.

Look up, my TANCRED : Is the poor ERMINIA,

Whom once your friendship did so nobly use,

Become an alien to your tender thoughts ?——

Friendship too fatal to ERMINIA's peace,

Which rais'd in her a flame 'till now conceal'd ;

By modesty condemn'd to silence 'till this hour,

This hour of horror, when grief rages here,

Breaks thro' restraint, and tears with cruel force

The tender secret from my labouring breast.

TANCRED.

Pardon the mist which death did spread around,

And kept thee from my view, too generous fair one :

My gratitude, my prayers, all my esteem is thine ;

Would I could add my love, but 'twill not be :

CLORINDA like a miser grasp'd it all,

And left me without power or wish of freedom :

But you are well revenged by her death,

Could such a soul as yours delight in vengeance.

ERMINIA.

Far from ERMINIA be such horrid thoughts,

Had your CLORINDA liv'd, and you been blest,

I should have reckon'd every pang o'erpaid,

And sunk without a murmur to my grave.

Enter

Enter VAFRINO.

VAFRINO.

Oh fight which pierces all my soul with horror !
Liv'ft thou, my brother—too dear bought victory,
Which blasts our triumphs for this day's success.

TANCRE D.

Swift, dear VAFRINO, ease my anxious fears !
Say, has the noble GODFREY conquer'd ?

VAFRINO.

Ere now he enters the all-sacred city :
His valour and his piety secur'd success,
With general voice tumultuous bands proclaim
GODFREY the Great *Jerusalem's* first Christian king.

TANCRE D [*rising.*]

Then I have liv'd enough——now welcome death.
My God, I praise thee I have seen this hour :
My spirits rise——I gather strength :
A pious zeal doth glow in every vein.—
Ah ! quickly lead me to the Christian tents,
At GODFREY's feet let me breath out my soul.

VAFRINO.

At entrance of the wood I left my steed ;
Thither let us repair, and place you on him.

[*Exit TANCRE D supported by VAFRINO
and ERMINIA, SOFRONIA following.*]

SCENE IV.

A Plain within sight of the Christian camp: A near view of Jerusalem and the wood.

GODFREY and his army advancing on the stage.

GODFREY.

Our duty paid at the all-holy temple,
The town secur'd with proper garrisons,
Let us, my soldiers, to our tents retire;
There dress our wounds, and take required rest
For the fatigues this day so nobly borne.
Yet ours be not the glory—thine, all gracious God!
With strength divine thou nervest my strong arm:
With zeal for thee inspir'd, GODFREY had power
To conquer brave tho' impious SALADIN;
Turn that hard heart in this his captive state,
And grant——

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Great GODFREY, as you left Jerusalem,
Proud SALADIN, by you ordained to my care,
Stood pensive for a while, which we did hope
Was mild repentance beaming on his soul:
But suddenly, as from a dream awoke, he cry'd
I liv'd a king, and such I yet will die——
Then furious snatch'd my sword, and plung'd it in his breast.
I smile, he said, to think I baulk your pomp,
Triumphal shews, where I should have been led

Forth

OF JERUSALEM.

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Forth as some monster for the public gaze.

A ghastly pleasure then grin'd in each feature:

All help was vain—he instantly expir'd.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

GODFREY.

Unhappy prince—I mourn thy impious end,

Which further places thee from hopes of mercy.

But the day wears apace—let's haste to the camp.

[Exeunt GODFREY and his army.]

SCENE the Last.

GODFREY'S Tent.

TANCRED lying as dead on a couch; ERMINIA

weeping over him.

GODFREY, VAFRINO and SOFRONIA.

GODFREY.

Unhappy youth!—GODFREY laments thy fate:

Victorious laurels droop and mourn for thee,

Which oft in early life adorn'd thy brow.

A gracious Providence re-claim'd thee from us,

At whose wise mandates we must not repine.

All warlike honours shall be paid thy grave,

And in our hearts thou shalt for ever live.

ERMINIA [kneeling.]

Behold how low great Syria's princess bends,

A willing, a self-yielded captive unto GODFREY,

A convert to his faith—receive her then

Under the sheltering wing of your protection.

G O D F R E Y.

Speak, fair **ERMINIA**, and command my power,
 And tax it for your service to the uttermost :
 Shall I convey thee to the *Syrian* land,
 And with your virtues grace the vacant throne ?
 Speak, and obtain your wish.

E R M I N I A.

To rash ambition I have bid adieu ;
 The world and all its joys to me are dead ;
 My country and my faith I here abjure :
 All that I priz'd—my every wish and care,
 Expir'd in **TANCRED**.——Small is my request ;
 I claim but leave within some convent's gloom
 To offer up unto your Christian God
 A heart as yet scarce half his own.
 In that all-saving faith I have embrac'd
 The holy sisters will instruct me more :
 There I may spend the small remains of life,
 Which grief shall spare unto my pious purpose,
 In raising a poor monument to **TANCRED's** fame,
 Which I each day may sprinkle with my tears,
 Leaving a vacant grave by his lov'd side,
 Where soon, I trust, **ERMINIA** shall repose.
 To this retirement I will bear my griefs,
 Thither repair with all my load of woe,
 In gloomy cells detesting chearful light
 For ever rest, secluded from mankind.

G O D F R E Y.

The godly thought my soul doth much approve :
 But ah ! beware of heaven-abhor'd despair.——

Our

Our utmost care shall tend upon your person,
Preventing wishes, comforting your sorrows.—
Oh thou all-powerful ruler of our wills,
Strengthen thy convert's almost broken heart,
And snatch her virtuous soul from black despair!
In SALADIN's sad doom we tremble at thy wrath,
And view in him an instance of this truth—
Nor strength nor treasures to th' unjust avail,
For soon or late bright virtue must prevail.

F I N I S.

Wrote in 1769.

OF JERUSALEM.

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Our utmost care shall tend upon your person,
Preventing wiles, comforting your sorrow.
Oh thou all-powerful ruler of our wills,
Strengthen thy convert's almost broken heart.
And snatch her wandering soul from black despair!
In SARADIN'S sad days we tremble at thy wrath,
And view in him an emblem of this truth:
Not strength nor courage in the world avail,
For soon or late bright truth must prevail.



FINIS

Written in 1703